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CHIPS AHOY
OH HI!
RUF!
CUT THAT HAIR ♥ GARRY LEACH!
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TANK GIRL

WELCOME TO TANGYMERE, JET GIRL'S VERY OWN PRIVATE AIRFIELD...
JET GIRL TO HEADQUARTERS...I'M SAT UP HERE AT TWO THOUSAND FEET. THE SUN IS COMING UP AND THE HORIZON IS CLEAR. I'D SAY WE'RE GOOD TO GO.
I'M MAKING THE TURN, I'LL BE WITH YOU IN FIVE.
TANK GIRL IN FLYING ANT DAY
PART ONE: BOMBERS
BY ALAN AND RUFUS
THIS ONE IS FOR MELANIE SAFKA, JOAN BAEZ
AND LICORICE McKECHNIE
CHUFF CHUFF!
SCRAMBLE! SCRAMBLE! SCRAMBLE!
OKAY, KNOBHEADS, YOU HEARD THE LADY!
JOAN BAEZ CAN WEAR MY FEZ!

RIGHT, YOU KNOW THE DRILL—BOOGA, BARNEY, NORRIS HANDGRENADE, YOU COME WITH ME.

JACKIE, SMALL BEER--GET THE MOSQUITO IN THE AIR AND AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS.

LEAVE IT TO US, BOSS.

THIS IS A HAPPY DAY FOR JET GIRL--SHE NEVER DREAMED THAT ANY OF HER VINTAGE WAR PLANE COLLECTION WOULD GET TO SEE ANY PROPER ACTION AGAIN.

NICE.

DO YOU NEED ANY BOMBS OR AMMO BEFORE WE DEPART?

CHEERS, HONEY, BUT I'M UP TO MY TITS WITH EXPLOSIVES IN HERE...

...I GOT ONE *HUEY LEWIS*, TWO BOXES OF *DIRTY GRASSHOPPERS*, FIFTY *JUICY NIPPLES*, A KILO OF *PLAYDOH*, A MODIFIED *RON HOWARD*, AND A *TRIPLE STRAWBERRY SUNDAE*.

CHRIST ON A POGO-STICK.

SEE YOU AT THE RENDEZVOUS, JACKIE. REMEMBER--FLY LOW AND KEEP YOUR TROUSERS FASTENED.

10-4. TTFN.

NINE YEARS EARLIER, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE FOREST OF MAJEIKA ISLAND...
THE INHABITANTS OF MAJEIKA WERE THE INBREED DESCENDANTS OF SIX FAMILIES, LEFT STRANDED AFTER A TRANSPORTATION MIX-UP IN THE CLOSING OVERS OF WORLD WAR ONE.
SEE SHREDDIE, SEE... FOOD.
NO SCUMBO, NO, NOT FOOD.
THEY SURVIVED THE INTERVENING YEARS BY SUPPLEMENTING THEIR EVER-DWINDLING RESOURCES WITH ANCIENT, LONG-LOST ARMY SUPPLIES AND SALVAGE FROM SHIPWRECKS.
SNIFF SNIFF
OVER A CENTURY LATER THE ARMY RETURNED, NOT TO LIBERATE THE POOR LOST SOULS, BUT TO USE THEIR BOUNTIFUL ISLAND AS A TRAINING GROUND FOR MANOEUVRES.
AHH...SCUMBO... BREAKFAST.
KING
NO, MR KING, NO, NOT BREAKFAST.
THE MAJEIKANS WOULD HIDE AWAY IN SECRET CAVES UNTIL THE ARMY HAD DEPARTED, THEN TENTATIVELY VENTURE OUT TO SEE WHAT SCRAPS HAD BEEN LEFT FOR THEM.
WHAT THEY FOUND THAT DAY WAS THE BRAIN OF A CLONED TANK PILOT. IT STILL CONTAINED MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF GROWTH HORMONES; ENOUGH, IN FACT, FOR IT TO START REGENERATING ITS BODY BEFORE THEIR VERY EYES. THE MAJEIKANS FED IT WITH TREE SAP AND HERBAL TINCTURES, AND WITHIN WEEKS IT WAS BEGINNING TO TAKE RECOGNISABLE SHAPE...
GLUG

TEN MILES UNTIL THE DROP ZONE. GET YOUR CHUTES ON.

I'LL TAKE THE BIG ONE.

IT'S FRUCKING *HUGE*...AND IT'S GOT SOMETHING WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF IT...

...SAYS IT'S SOME KIND OF UNTESTED *PROTOTYPE*...

...SHITMAN, IT'S GOT A DIAMETER OF *FORTY YARDS!*

NIFTY. THAT'LL MAKE FOR A NICE SOFT LANDING.

MIKE WESTERN CLUB

IN ANSWER TO ALL OF YOU WHO ARE ASKING THE QUESTION: *WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING...?*

AFTER MUCH PAINSTAKING RESEARCH I FOUND THAT MY DOPPELGANGER WAS A RESIDENT OF MAJEIKA ISLAND--THE VERY PLACE WHERE I HAD FOUGHT A BATTLE AGAINST MY OWN CLONED BRAIN WHEN I WAS A FRESH ARMY RECRUIT.

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTLEBENS, TONIGHT ON THE TANK GIRL SHOW, I'LL BE TALKING MONKEE BUSINESS WITH AGEING HIPPY GENIUS PETER TORK!

I PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER AND CAME UP WITH A VERY NASTY FEELING IN MY NETHER REGIONS.

HI KIDS!

TANK GIRL SHOW

A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO I TUNED INTO A TV SHOW BECAUSE I HEARD THAT ONE OF MY HEROES WAS GONNA BE ON IT, ONLY TO FIND THAT I WAS THE HOST!

THIS ONE FOR MATT, EMMA, AND LITTLE EVIE! X X X

SO I SELECTED A CRACK SQUAD OF BLOODY-MINDED IDIOTS AND SET OUT TO FIND THAT CHEEKY BITCH AND PUT HER OUT OF MY MISERY. THERE'S ONLY ENOUGH ROOM ON THIS PLANET FOR ONE OF ME, AND EVEN I CAN'T STAND MY OWN B.O.

OKAY, THIS IS IT. STAND BY THE HATCH AND WAIT FOR THE GREEN LIGHT.

YOU READY, NORRIS?

YEAH, WHATEVER. POINT ME IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION AND TELL ME TO FIRE.

NORRIS HANDGRENADE—THROWN OUT OF AIRBORNE FOR SETTING FIRE TO HIS SERGEANT'S FARTS. THESE DAYS HE'LL WORK FOR ANYONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A DECENT CUP OF TEA AND A NICE SLICE OF CHEESE ON TOAST.

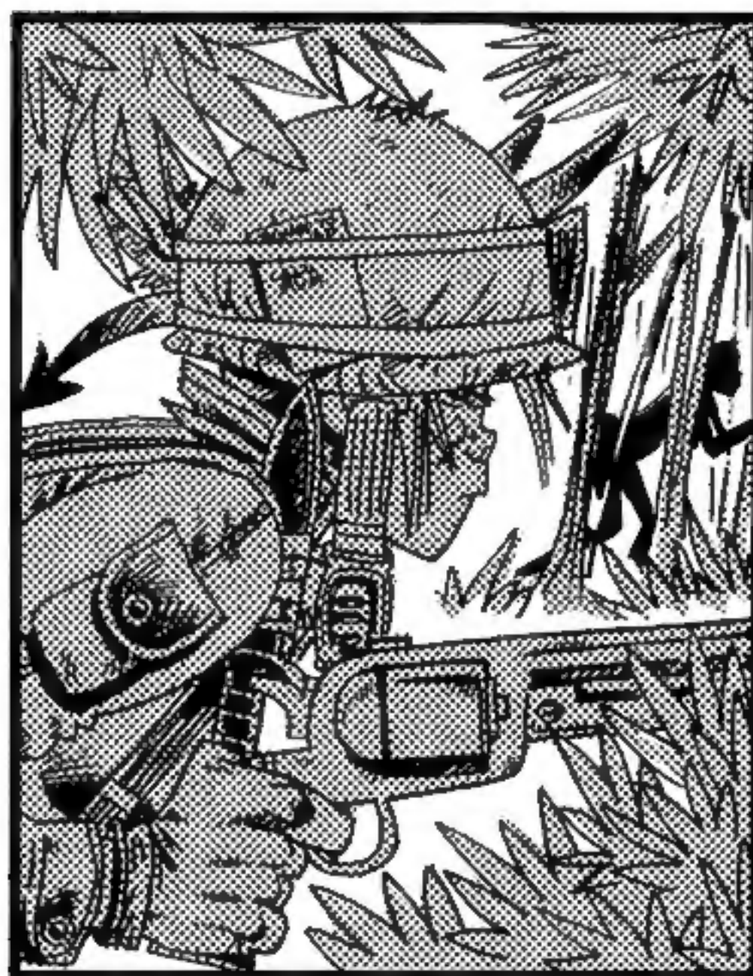
GREEN LIGHT!

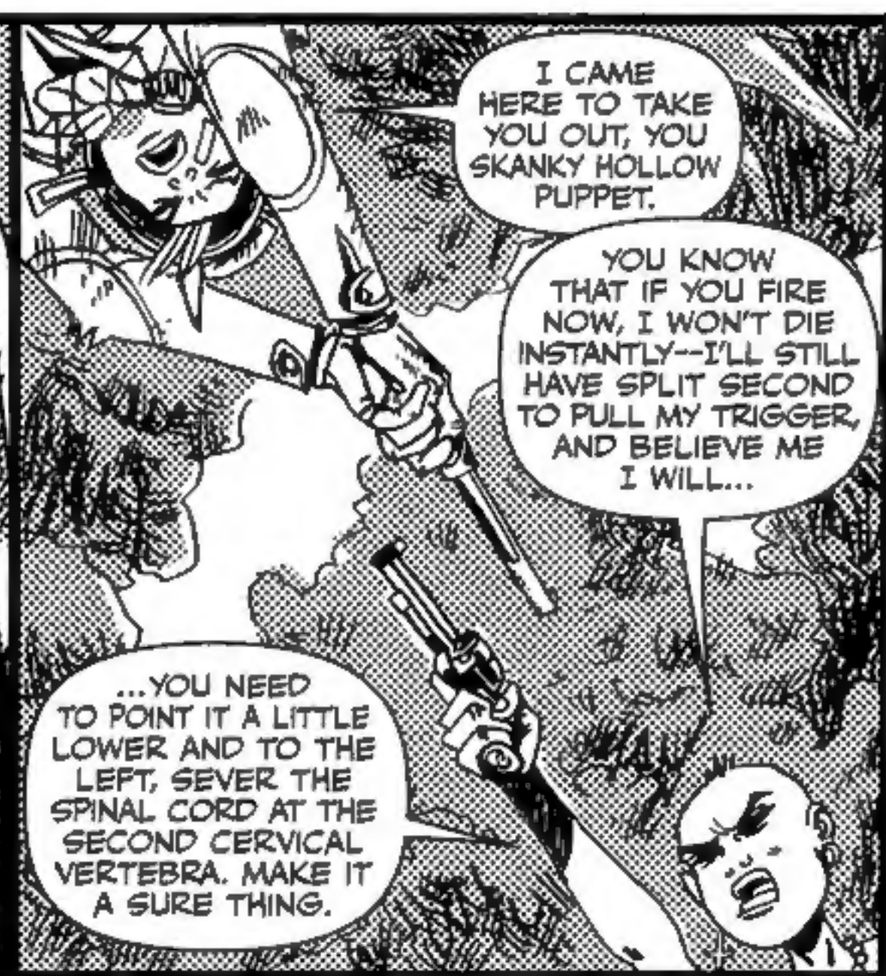
JUMP! JUMP! JUMP!

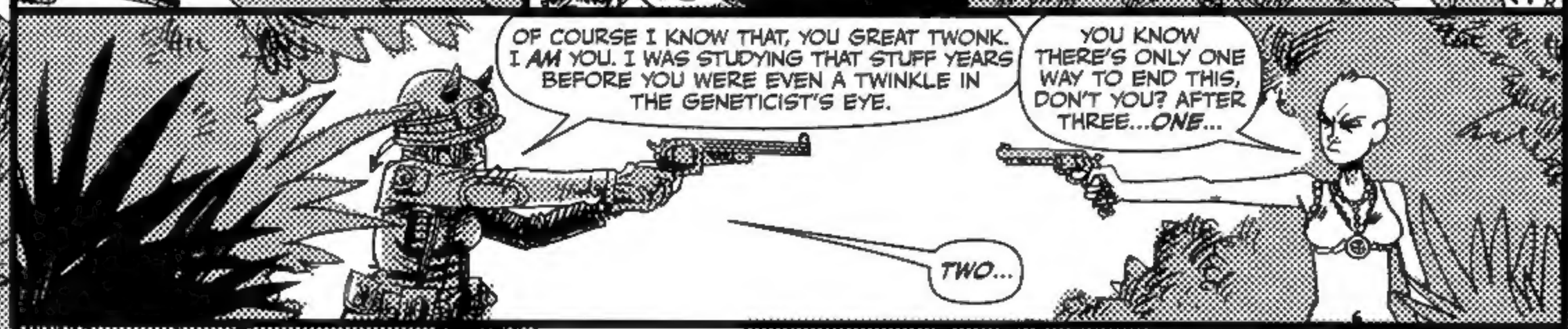
OH DEAR, IT REALLY IS RATHER LARGE, ISN'T IT?

I WOULD ESTIMATE THAT I'M FALLING AT A RATE OF THREE PER CENT OF THAT OF MY COLLEAGUES...

BOLLOCKS. WHERE'S MY BOWIE KNIFE?
KNACKERS. COW POO.
SPLEK
AT THIS RATE IT'S GONNA TAKE ME A FEW HOURS TO GET DOWN. GUESS I COULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION AND CATCH FORTY WINKS.
WHERE THE HELL HAS EVERYBODY GONE?
WHY DOES THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO *ME?* GUESS I'VE GOT TO DO THE JOB ALL BY MYSELF AGAIN--
SNAP
HANG UP LAUNDRY
TUNA
MILK
BREAD
TEA
GUM
HUH?







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ORDER YOURS NOW!

THIS WAS THE JOB I CAME HERE TO DO... TO TAKE OUT MY DOPEY DOPPELGANGER.
BLAM!
TANK
UHH... GLUP BUT YOU DIDN'T FIRE...
...I... I KILLED YOU...
SPURT!
TANK

TANK GIRL

in

FLYING ANT DAY

PART TWO : REPLICAS

FOR JOHN HICKLENTON

THIS ONE FOR GARY NUMAN, GARY OLDMAN, ALFRED E. NEUMAN AND ALFRED E. OLDMAN

CHIPS AHOY

SGT ROCK IS GONNA HELP ME!

SHOOTING YOURSELF IN THE HEAD IS A TOUGH MISSION BY ANY STANDARDS. LITTLE DID SHE KNOW THAT SHE WAS GONNA DO THE JOB *FOR* ME...

SPURT!

...THE BACHMAN-TURNER U-BEND BULLET-LESS PISTOL.

A USEFUL DEVICE, DESIGNED BY ARMY-ENLISTED *PACIFISTS*, THAT TAKES THE MOVING BULLET AND HURLS IT STRAIGHT *BACK* AT THE PERSON WHO FIRED IT.

GUILT-FREE AND REMARKABLY UN-FREAKED BY THE INCIDENT, I'M ABLE TO WALK AWAY FROM THE BLOODY MESS AND GET ON WITH THE BUSINESS OF WIPING ALL TRACE OF THAT ABOMINATION OFF THE FACE OF THIS GODFORSAKEN ISLAND.

AFTER THE INHABITANTS OF MAJEIKA ISLAND HAD FOUND THE CLONE'S BRAIN AND GROWN IT BACK INTO A FULLY FUNCTIONING HUMAN BEING, THE CLONE BEGAN TO TAKE ON ASPECTS OF TANK GIRL'S PERSONALITY. SOON SHE HAD ALL THE MANNERISMS AND CHARACTERISTICS THAT WERE ONCE UNIQUE TO OUR HERO.

A CULT GREW UP AROUND THE CLONE THAT INVOLVED EVERY ONE OF THE ISLAND'S INBRED POPULATION. SHE WAS WORSHIPPED BY ALL.

THE CLONE WAS KILLED BY AN UNEXPLODED BOMB WHILST SALVAGING EXPLOSIVES FROM AN ABANDONED ARMY TRUCK.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT WAS A SINGLE FINGER.

IN THE SAME WAY THAT ODDBOD JR. WAS CLONED FROM THE ORIGINAL ODDBOD'S FINGER IN CARRY ON SCREAMING, THE SEVERED CLONE'S DIGIT BEGAN TO GROW ANEW...

WEEKS LATER, A SECOND CLONE HAD REACHED MATURITY AND THE MAJEIKANS WERE HAPPY ONCE AGAIN...

UNFORTUNATELY THE NEW TANK GIRL CLONE ACCIDENTLY STUMBLED ON AN ANCIENT, LONG-FORGOTTEN MANTRAP, WHICH SLICED HER INTO THIRTY-TWO BITE-SIZED MORSELS...

THUNK!

PREDICTABLY, THE MAJEIKANS NURTURED THE BLOODY REMAINS AND PRODUCED THIRTY-TWO PERFECT TANK GIRL REPLICAS...

ONE STOOD OUT FROM THE CROWD AS A PREMIUM QUALITY TANK GIRL CLONE--SUPREMELY QUICK-WITTED, INTELLIGENT, AND WISE BEYOND HER FEW SHORT YEARS. THEY CALLED THE ALPHA TANK GIRL.

SHE MADE FRIENDS WITH VISITORS TO THE ISLAND AND USED HER CONNECTIONS TO TAKE TRIPS ABROAD. MONEY AND SUPPLIES STARTED TO FLOOD IN. SHE BUILT A BASE AROUND A SHRINE THAT WAS DEDICATED TO THE ORIGINAL CLONE...

NEWS OF THIS STRANGE PERSONALITY SPREAD THROUGH THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND SOON SHE FOUND HERSELF SIGNING A LUCRATIVE MEDIA DEAL.

THE WILDERNESS WAS TRAINED OUT OF HER AND HER CELEBRITY-STAR STATUS RAPIDLY STARTED TO ASCEND.

TANK GIRL SHOW

WELCOME TO MY TV SHOW! YOU MAY THINK IT'S CRAPPY AND ROTTEN BUT I'LL BET IF YOU STAY 'TIL THE END YOU'LL WANT TO KISS MY BOTTOM!

INSTINCTIVELY I MAKE MY WAY TO THE SITE OF THE BASE WE DESTROYED A WHILE BACK...

DROOOONE

HUH? WHAT THE FU...?

THE ZEPPELIN-STAAKEN R.VI BOMBER, DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS AND BROUGHT INTO USE AT THE END OF WORLD WAR ONE. THESE TWO EXAMPLES LANGUISHED IN A HANGAR ON THE NORTH COAST OF THE ISLAND UNTIL THE MAJEIKANS OVERHAULED THEM AND CRANKED THEM UP AGAIN...

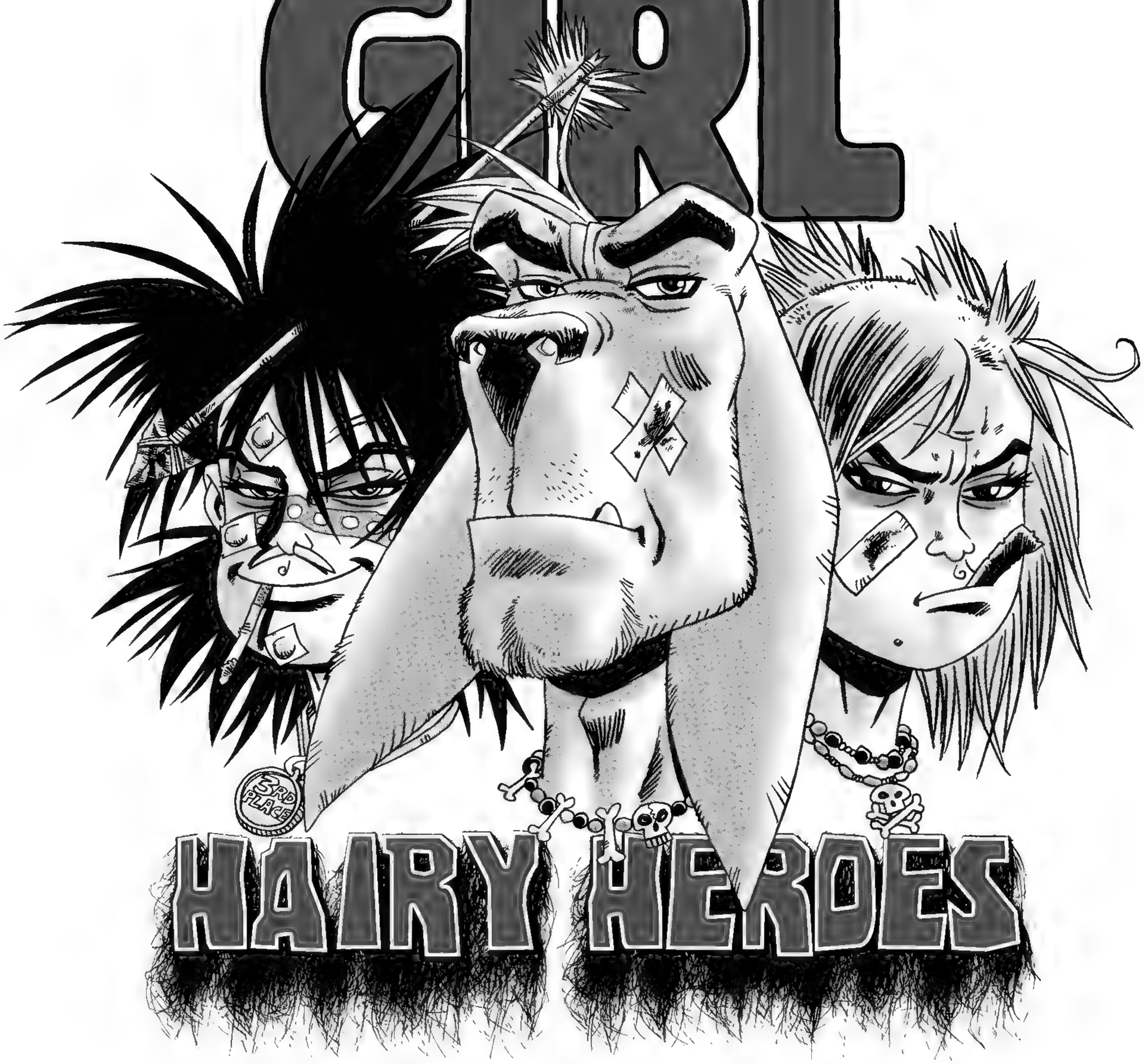
LEAPING LIZARDS!

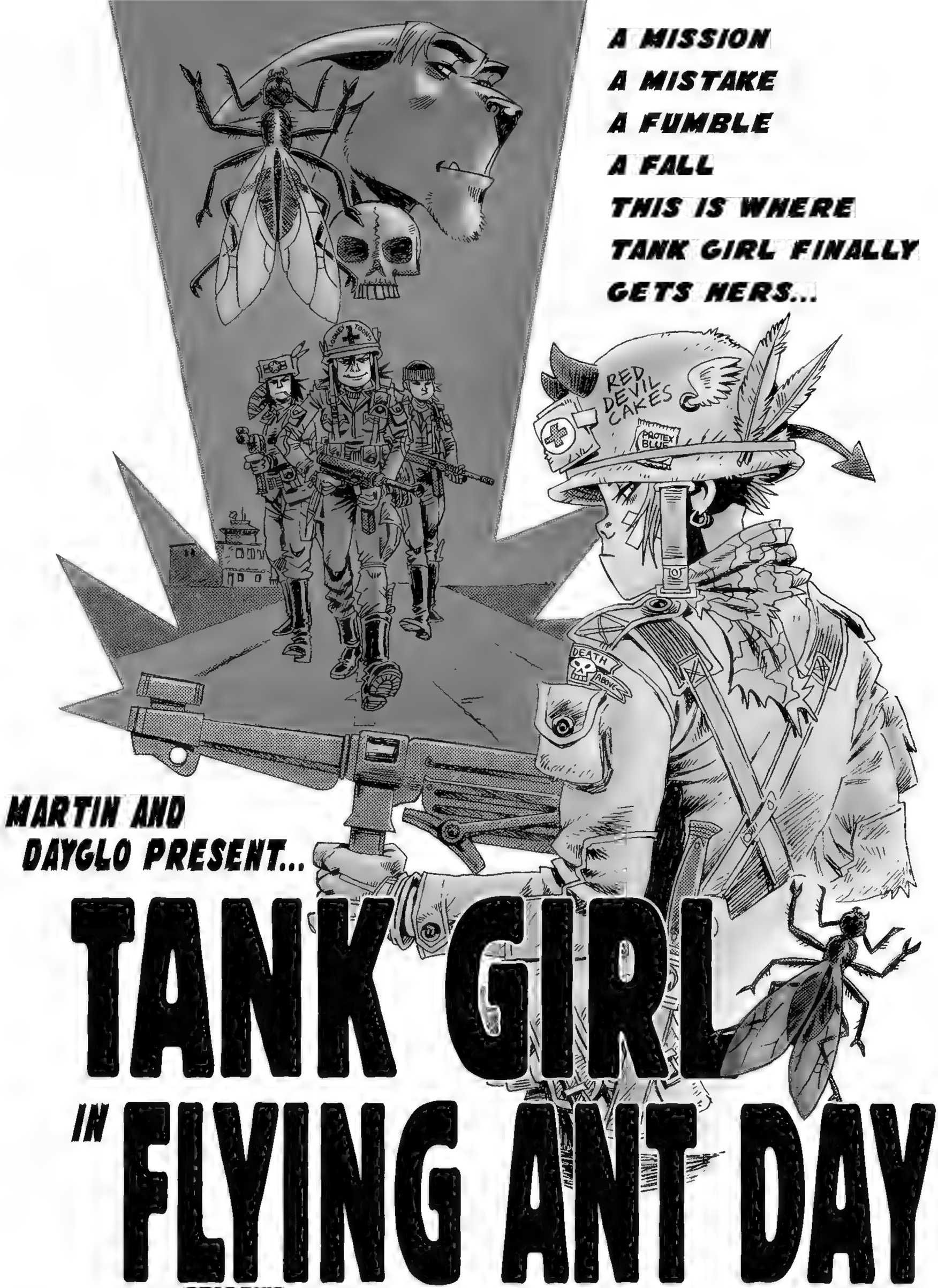
HUH? I MUST'VE NODDED OFF...
WHAT THE HELL IS *THIS?* A SKY FILLED WITH *TANK GIRLS?*

I MUST STILL BE DREAMING! IF I FALL BACK ASLEEP I MIGHT REAWAKEN TO FIND THEM ALL BARE-ARSED NAKED!
RUB!
A THOUSAND MILES OUT, CRUISING IN A MOSQUITO OVER THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, JACKIE AND SMALL BEER ARE PRETTY FAR FROM THE ACTION. BUT THINGS ARE HOTTING UP ANYWAY...
YOU KNOW...I'VE ALWAYS LIKED YOU JACKIE. WOULD YOU EVER THINK OF MARRYING A MAN AS SHORT AS ME?
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK.
APPROACHING THE CLONE DROP-ZONE FROM THE WEST, JET GIRL TAKES THE ASTONISHING SIGHT IN HER STRIDE...
HA. CHECK IT OUT. NOW *THERE'S* SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERY DAY...
REMINDS ME OF FLYING ANT DAY WHEN WE WERE KIDS—WE'D ALL GO OUT WITH OUR BUCKETS AND SPADES AND TRY TO SWAT AS MANY OF THE BASTARDS AS WE COULD.
I CAN'T REALLY SHOOT AT 'EM...I MEAN, WHAT IF ONE OF THEM IS *MY* TANK GIRL?
JERKY

SUPER SUMMER SPECIAL

TANK GIRL





STARRING
TANK GIRL, BOOGA, JET GIRL, BARNEY, JACKIE, SMALL BEER, NORRIS HANDGRENADE, AND INTRODUCING... JERRY PISSPOT

ALL TANK GIRL PRODUCTS ARE LABORATORY TESTED ON WOMBLES.

AT LAST, THERE'S ONE OF MY TEAM!
HEY, NORRIS, TAKE A LOOK UP THERE!
BOMB DISNEYLAND NOW
I SEE 'EM. YOU LEAVE THE BASTARDS TO OL' NORRIS HANDGRENADE.
AND PUT THE KETTLE ON.
BATTER BATTER BATTER!!
DIB DAB
JOB'S A GOOD 'UN.
SO WHERE'S MY CHEESE TOASTY?
NO! NO! I DIDN'T MEAN FOR YOU TO--
AH WELL.. WHATEVER.

THAT SURE IS ONE DIRTY GREAT PILE OF DEAD TANK GIRLS.

ARE YOU SURE YOU GOT EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM? I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO COME BACK TO THIS ARSEHOLE PLACE EVER AGAIN.

IN SOME STRANGE WAY I FEEL *CLEANSED* OF ALL THIS BULLSHIT.

AH-HA! THERE YOU ALL ARE!

WOW, YOU'RE NOT GONNA BELIEVE THE DREAM I JUST HAD! I DREAMT THAT THERE WERE HUNDREDS OF--

BOOGA, DON'T START UP WITH THAT *"IT WAS ALL A DREAM"* SHITE AGAIN.

MY ARSE HURTS, MY BRAIN ACHES AND I WANT TO GO HOME.

?

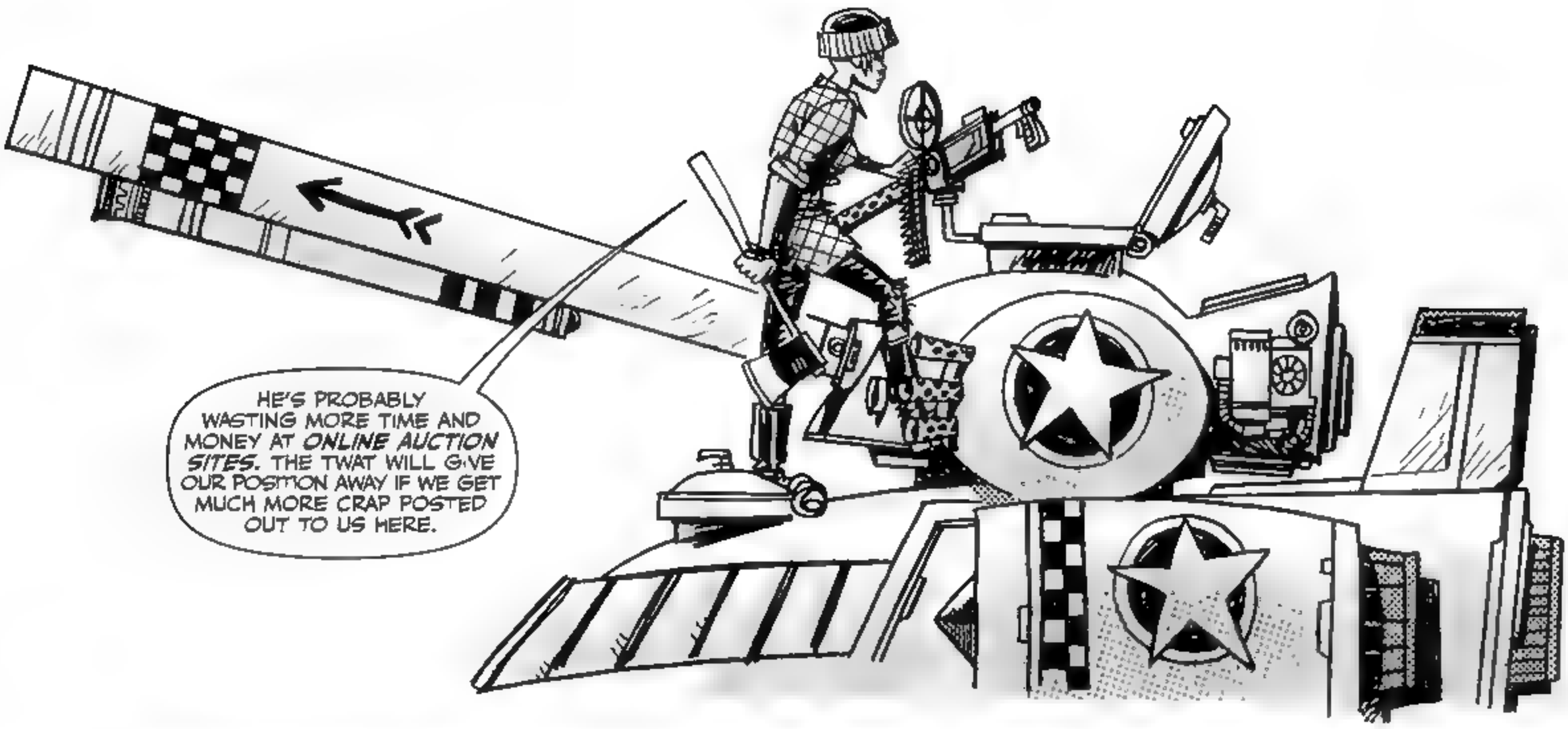
SKID MARK

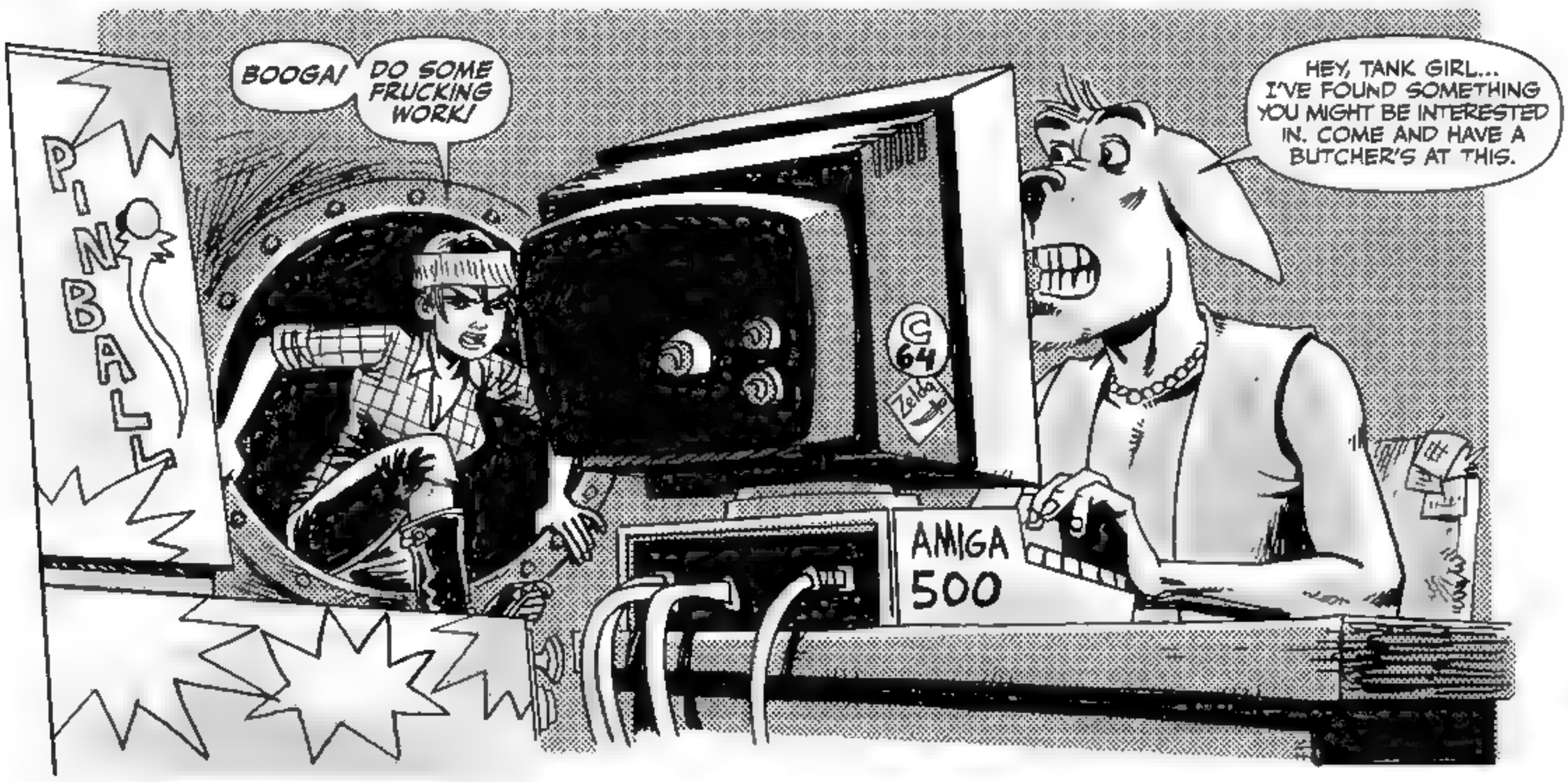
WE'RE OUTTA HERE.

THE END

GAME FUCKING OVER, MAN!

TUESDAY.
OR IS IT WEDNESDAY?
WHATEVER DAY IT IS, WE'VE BEEN HERE FAR TOO LONG. HOLED UP IN THE OUTBACK, HIDING OUT, AWAITING WORD FROM JET GIRL. AMMO ALL GONE, SUPPLIES ARE LOW, BROWS ARE LOWER, AND MORALE HAS FALLEN OFF THE END OF THE CHART, SLID INTO THE GUTTER AND BEEN SWALLOWED BY A STRAY, SCABBY DOG WITH A WOODEN LEG AND GONORRHOEA.
BOOGA, MY MARSUPIAL PARTNER, IS KEEPING HIS HEAD DOWN IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO AVOID MY WRATH, AS I STOMP AROUND THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PIDDLE-HOLE LIKE A HORMONAL TEENAGER.
START CHOPPIN
WHERE THE HELL IS HE, ANYHOW? HOW COMES IT'S ALWAYS MY TURN TO CHOP THE FRICKIN' FIREWOOD?
TANK GIRL IN BABY BAZOOKA
STORY - ALAN
ART - RUFUS
DEDICATED TO THE BRILLIANT KAY RUSSELL AND THE LATE, GREAT SUSAN FASSBENDER XXX

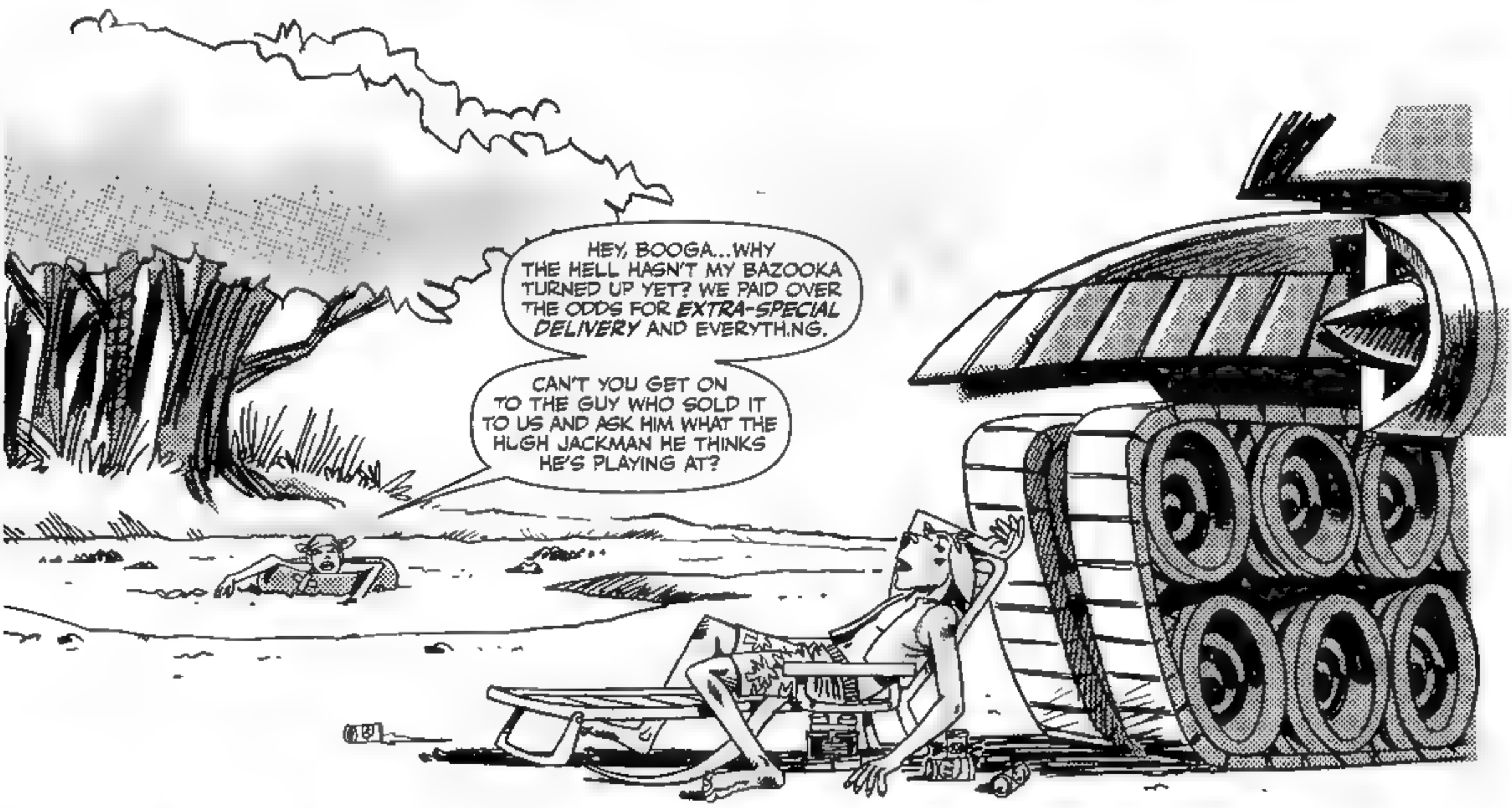

HE'S PROBABLY WASTING MORE TIME AND MONEY AT *ONLINE AUCTION SITES.* THE TWAT WILL GIVE OUR POSITION AWAY IF WE GET MUCH MORE CRAP POSTED OUT TO US HERE.

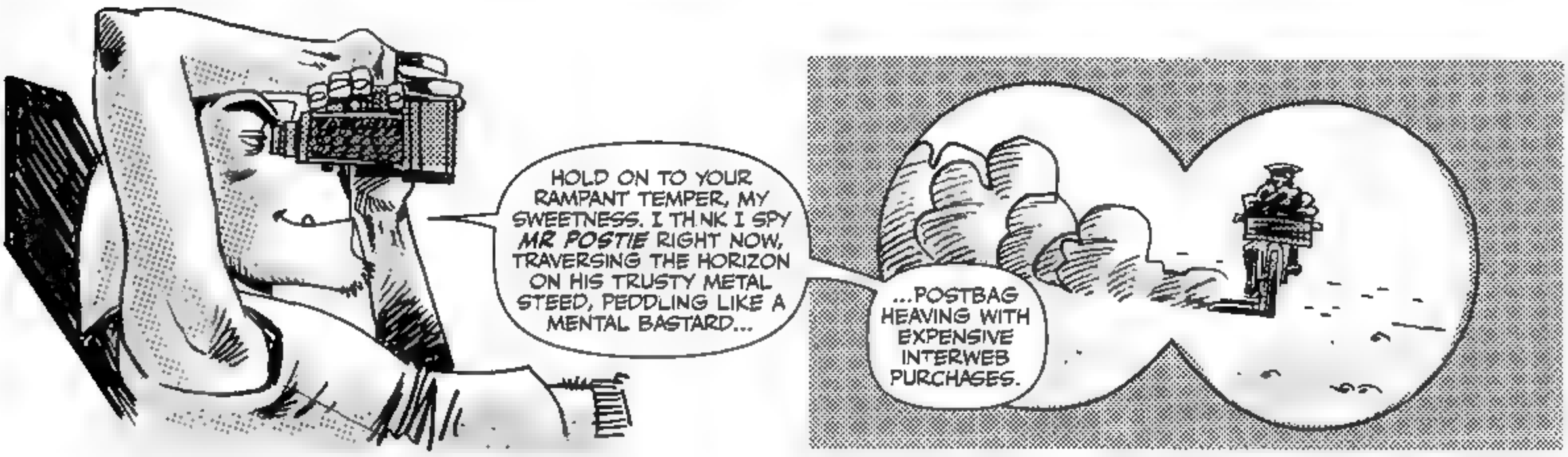

PINBALL
BOOGA! DO SOME FRUCKING WORK!
HEY, TANK GIRL... I'VE FOUND SOMETHING YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN. COME AND HAVE A BUTCHER'S AT THIS.
C 64
AMIGA 500

CHECK IT OUT-- IT'S A LIMITED EDITION OF FIVE HUNDRED AND THIS GUY'S GOT AN ALMOST MINT EXAMPLE THAT'S ONLY BEEN FIRED ONCE!
BABY BAZOOKA
PACKS ENOUGH PUNCH TO KNOCK DOWN AN ENTIRE PLATOON
BUY NOW
★AMIGA 500★

HMMM. I MUST ADMIT THAT *DOES* SOUND TEMPTING. AND WE SURE COULD USE A NEW BAZOOKA. HOW MUCH DOES HE WANT FOR IT?
WE CAN BUY IT NOW FOR SEVEN LARGE.

THREE LETTERBOX-WATCHING WEEKS LATER...





BENTINCK FALLS IS THE LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF OUR CURRENT ARCH-ENEMY *KOJAK ROCKER*. HE'S THE REASON WE'RE STUCK OUT HERE IN THE OUTBACK.

AND, AS FAR AS I KNOW, HE'S THE ONLY RESIDENT OF THE FALLS. SO BOOGA'S CLUMSY INTERNET PURCHASE CAN ONLY EQUAL ONE THING...

KOJAK ROCKER KNOWS WHERE WE LIVE!

HA! JUST AS I PREDICTED--I KNEW THE ONLY CREATURE ON THIS PLANET DUMB ENOUGH TO SPEND THAT KIND OF MONEY ON SUCH AN UTTER PIECE OF CRAP WOULD BE TANK GIRL'S CRETINOUS LOVER!

THE GUY IS PURE HELMET CHEESE, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY FOR US, HE HAS US BY THE TINY HAIRS OF OUR NUTSACK. WE'VE BEEN A SITTING DUCK OUT HERE; NO FUEL, NO MISSILES, NO BULLETS, NOT EVEN PELLETS FOR MY AIR PISTOL.

OUR ONLY HOPE HAS BEEN THE SLIM CHANCE OF JET GIRL GETTING HER ACT TOGETHER AND TURNING UP WITH THE GEAR BEFORE HE SUSSES OUR POSITION.

AS ALWAYS, JET GIRL'S TIMING IS IMPECCABLY RUBBISH...

OH BOLLOCKS. I NEED A BUMP START OR A JUMP START OR SOMETHING. WHY WON'T THIS DAMNED THING TAKE OFF?

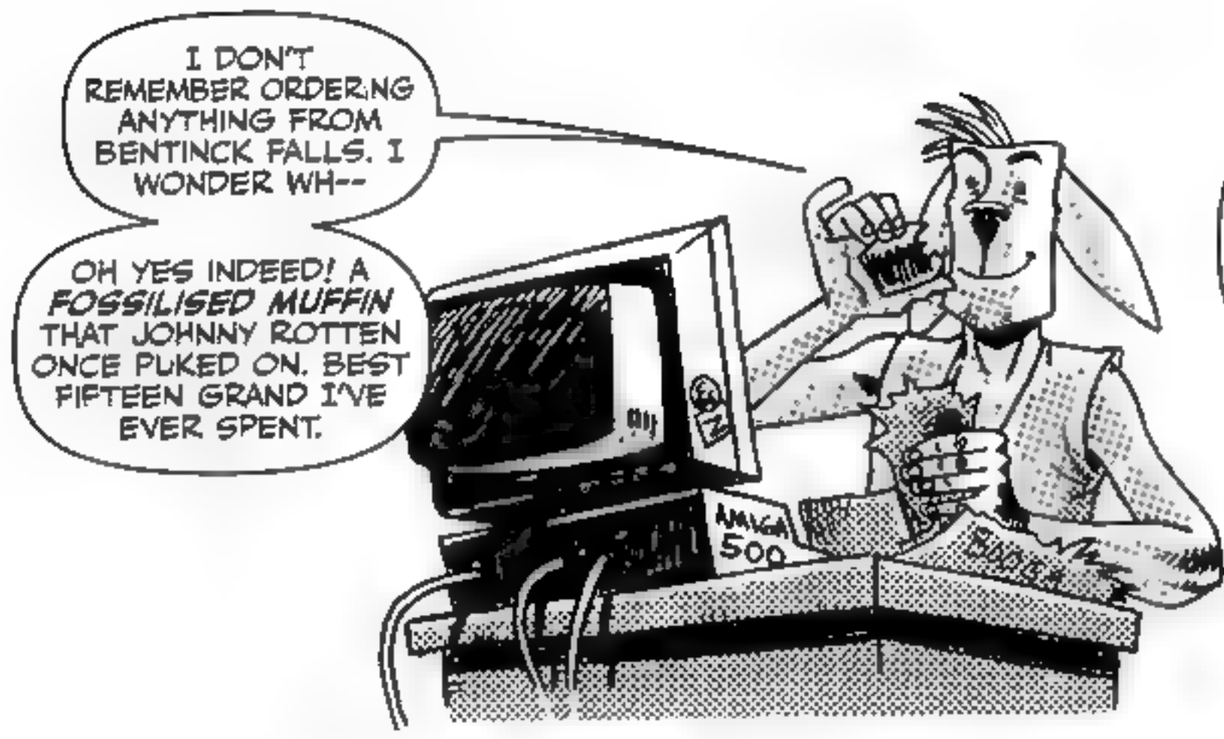
WE DIDN'T REALLY NEED YOU TO SHOW US THE WAY TO THEM, BABY, BUT IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT YOU'LL ALL BE IN ONE EASILY-TO-WIPE-OUT LOCALITY.

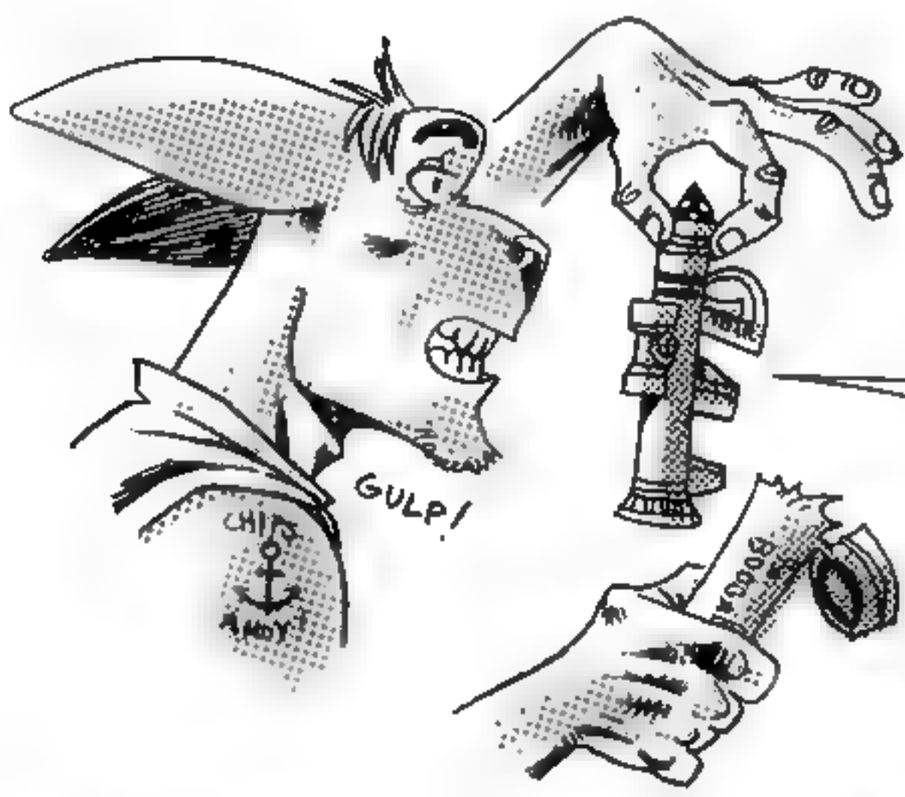
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A GOOD KICKING. SO, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, DICK-FOR-BRAINS?

ER...I... ERM...I THINK I'LL GO PUT ALL THIS IN A SAFE PLACE.

BEFORE THE STUFF HITS THE FAN AND ALL THAT.

NOW TO DELIVER THAT STUFFED ELEPHANT TO MACHU PICCHU.





BOOGA... DOES THIS KIND OF THING GET YOU *EXCITED?*

TANK

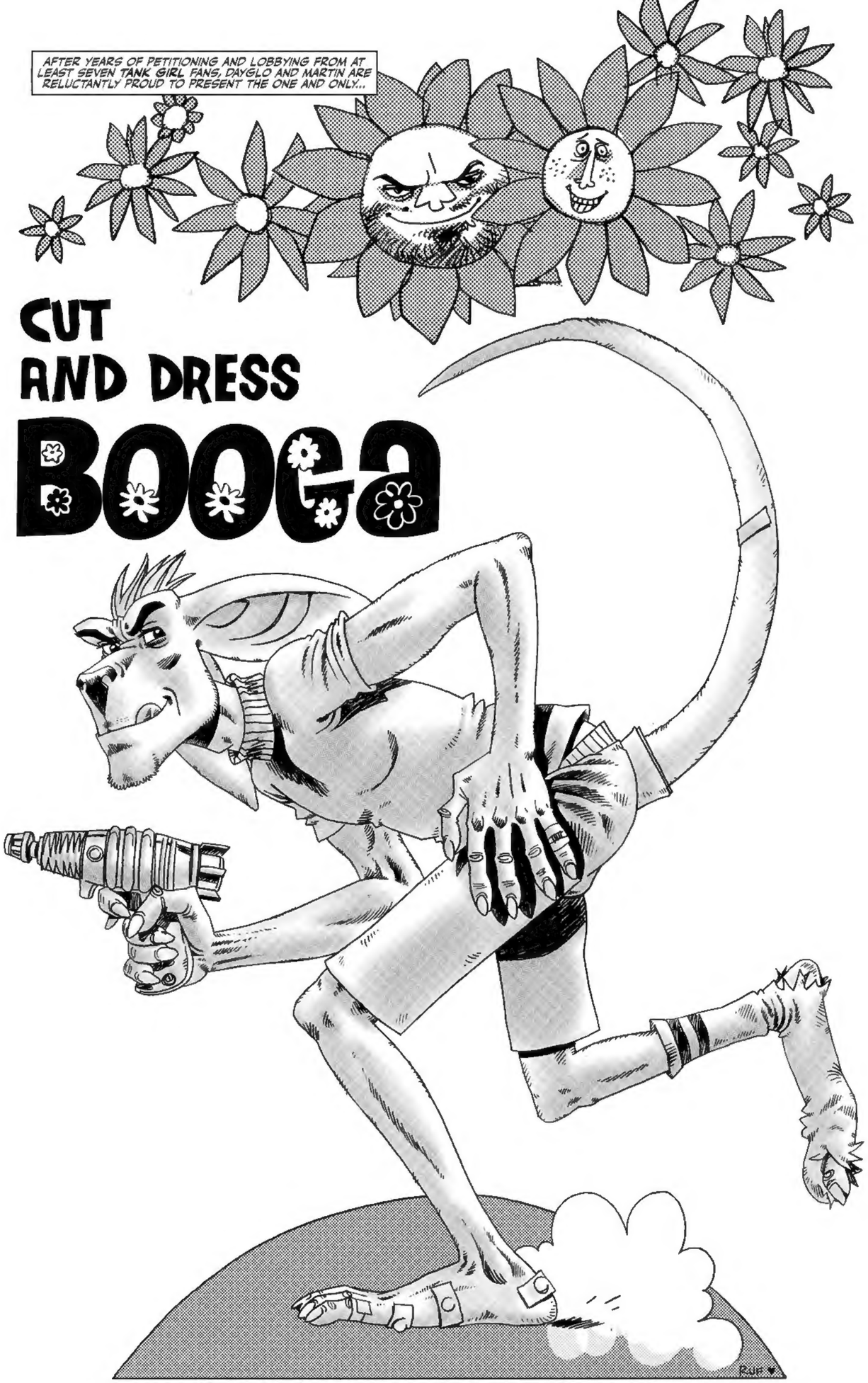
AHOY!

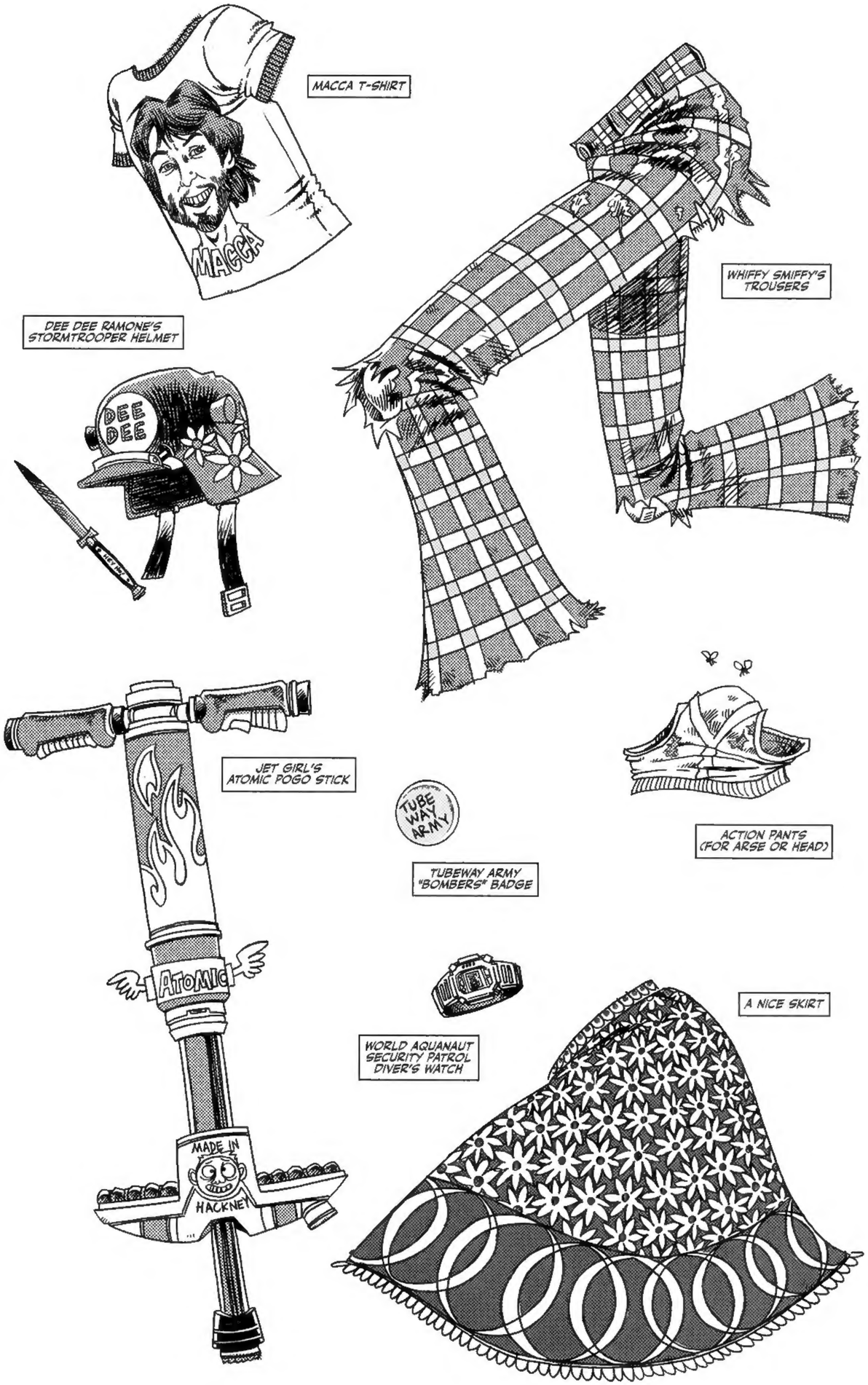
HEY, IS THAT *JET GIRL* LEADING THE CHARGE?

BENTINCK FALLS, KOJAK ROCKER'S DELUXE ABODE. I'M NOT A HUNDRED PER CENT SURE WHAT HAPPENED TO LAND US UP HERE...
LAST THING I REMEMBER, I WAS KNOCKED OFF MY FEET BY A SUDDEN BLAST THAT I'M PRETTY SURE EMANATED FROM THE ZIPPER OF BOOGA'S *TROUSERS*. MY HEAD HIT A SMALL ROCK ON THE GROUND AND THAT WAS IT--I WAS OUT COLD FOR TWENTY-SIX HOURS.
POP!
ALL VERY DISCONCERTING AND DISORIENTATING, BUT, ON THE POSITIVE SIDE, WE SEEM TO HAVE INHERITED THIS GRAND AND PALATIAL WATERFRONT PROPERTY.
I MUST SAY, BOOGA, I'M STILL VERY IMPRESSED--I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYONE WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE GANG JUST BY SCRATCHING THEIR *NUTS* BEFORE.
DID YOU SUSTAIN ANY PERMANENT DAMAGE?
LET'S JUST SAY THAT I WON'T BE NEEDING TO SHAVE MY BIKINI LINE FOR A FEW WEEKS.
WANNA COME INSIDE AND LOOK AT MY COMPUTER? I'M BIDDING ON A BOXFUL OF *GELIGNITE SUPPOSITORIES*.
JET GIRL SAYS RELAX
Kinky Friedman
Roadkill

AFTER YEARS OF PETITIONING AND LOBBYING FROM AT LEAST SEVEN **TANK GIRL** FANS, DAYGLO AND MARTIN ARE RELUCTANTLY PROUD TO PRESENT THE ONE AND ONLY...

CUT AND DRESS BOOGA





STORY
ALAN CLIPPERS MARTIN

ART
RUFUS BUZZCUT DAYGLO
WITH HELP ON TONES FROM
SOFIE DANGER DODGSON

LETTERING
SIMON BALDSPOT BOWLAND
SOFIE DANGER DODGSON
RUFUS BUZZCUT DAYGLO

DEDICATED TO
JOHN DEADSTOCK HICKLENTON

MASSIVE THANKS TO GERRY TALAOC

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ALAN MARTIN RUFUS DAYGLO

TANK GIRL

BAD WIND RISING

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